THE.

MAN of TASTE.

1488. c. 39

OCCASION'D by an

EPISTLE

Of Mr. POPE's

On that Subject.

POPE (Alexander) the Poet. [Of False Taste. Appendix.]

By the Author of the ART of POLITICKS.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA
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APR

The Man of Taſte.

WHOE'ER he be that to a *Taſte* aſpires,
Let him read this, and be what he deſires.
In men and manners vers'd from life I write,
Not what was once but what is now polite.
Thoſe who of courtly *Franee* have made the tour,
Can ſcarce our *Engliſh* awkwardneſs endure.
But honeſt men who never were abroad,
Like *England* only, and its *Taſte* applaud.
Strife ſtill ſubſiſts, which yields the better *goût*;
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True *Taſte* to me is by this touchſtone known,
That's always beſt that's neareſt to my own.
To ſhew that my pretenſions are not vain,
My Father was a play'r in *Drury-lane*.

Pears and Piſtachio-nuts my Mother ſold,
He a Dramatick-poet, She a Scold.
His tragick muſe could Counteſſes affright,
Her wit in boxes was my Lord's delight.
No mercenary *Prieſt* e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetick bands.
Laws my Pindarick parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a ſort of meaſure kept,
I ſqual'd in Diſtichs, and in Triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waſte,
Happy in an *Hereditary Taſte.*
Writing ne'er cramp'd the ſinews of my thumb,
Nor barb'rous birch e'er bruſh'd my brawny bum.
My guts ne'er ſuffer'd from a college-cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the ſons of *Priſcian* teach,
Good Parts are better than Eight Parts of Speech:
Since theſe declin'd thoſe undeclin'd they call,
I thank my Stars, that I declin'd 'em all.

To *Greek* or *Latin Tongues* without pretence,
I truſt to mother Wit, and father Senſe.
Nature's my guide, all Sciences I ſcorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a *Poet born*.

Yet is my *goût* for criticiſm ſuch,
I've got ſome *French*, and know a little *Dutch*.
Huge commentators grace my learned ſhelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themſelves.
Criticks indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-criticks are as good agen.
Tho' *Blackmore*'s works my ſoul with raptures fill,
With notes by *Bently* they'd be better ſtill.
The *Boghouſe-Miſcellany*'s well deſign'd,
To eaſe the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my reſentment call,
For he diſpleaſes me, that pleaſes all.
Verſe without ryhme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in ſenſe obſcure.

To him as Nature, when he ceas'd to ſee,
Milton's an *univerſal Blank* to me.
Confirm'd and ſettled by the Nations voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and peoples choice.
Always upheld by national Support,
Of Market, Univerſity, and Court:
Thompſon, write blank: but know that for that reaſon,
Theſe lines ſhall live, when thine are out of ſeaſon.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the Poet's lays,
As *London* Ladies owe their ſhape to ſtays.

Had *Cibber*'s ſelf the *Careleſs Husband* wrote,
He for the Laurel ne'er had had my Vote:
But for his Epilogues and other Plays,
He thoroughly deſerves the *Modern Bays*.
It pleaſes me, that *Pope* unlaurell'd goes,
While *Cibber* wears the Bays for Playhouſe Proſe.
So *Britain*'s Monarch once uncover'd ſate,
While *Bradſhaw* bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old *Curl!* he ne'er to publiſh ſcats,
The ſpeeches, verſes, and laſt wills of Peers.
How oft has he a publick ſpirit ſhown,
And pleas'd our ears regardleſs of his own?
But to give Merit due, though *Curl*'s the Fame,
Are not his Brother-bookſellers the ſame?
Can Statutes keep the *Britiſh* Preſs in awe,
While that ſells beſt, that's moſt againſt the Law?

Lives of dead *Play'rs* my leiſure hours beguile,
And *Seſſions-Papers* tragedize my ſtile.
'Tis charming reading in *Ophelia*'s life,
So oft a Mother, and not once a Wife:
She could with juſt propriety behave,
Alive with Peers, with Monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By Prebends bury'd and by Generals kept.

T'improve in Morals *Mandevil* I read,
And *Tyndal*'s Scruples are my ſettled Creed.

I travell'd early, and I ſoon ſaw through
Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
Shame, Pain, or Poverty ſhall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my eaſe procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As *Paſaran* directs I'd end my life,
And kill myſelf, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that *Bible* which the Parſon quotes,
And men of ſpirit all ſhall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taſte for buildings, muſick, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boaſt,
With ſuperficial Smatterings at Moſt.
Not ſo my mind, unſatisfied with hints,
Knows more than *Budgel* writs, or *Roberts* prints.
I know the town, all houſes I have ſeen,
From *High-Park* corner down to *Bednal-Green*

Sure

Sure wretched *Wren* was taught by bungling *Jones*,
To murder mortar, and disfigure ſtones!
Who in *Whitehall* can ſymmetry diſcern?
I reckon *Covent-garden* Church a *Barn*.
Nor hate I leſs thy vile Cathedral, *Paul!*
The choir's too big, the cupola's too ſmall:
Subſtantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis *Vanbrug*'s ſtructures that my fancy ſtrike:
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile would make,
I wiſh they tumble for the proſpect's ſake.
To lofty *Chelſea* or to *Greenwich* Dome,
Soldiers and ſailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces *Britannia* brings,
St. *James*'s hoſpital may ſerve for kings.
Building ſo happily I underſtand,
That for one houſe I'd mortgage all my land.
Dorick, *Ionic*, ſhall not there be found,
But it ſhall coſt me threeſcore thouſand pound.
From out my honeſt workmen, I'll ſelect
A *Bricklay'r*, and proclaim him architect;

Firſt bid him build me a ſtupendous Dome,
Which *having finiſh'd*, we ſet out for *Rome*;
Take a weeks view of *Venice* and the *Brent*,
Stare round, ſee nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my *Villa* too, a ſweet abode,
It's ſituation ſhall be *London* road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cit's balconies,
Which * *Bently* calls the *Gardens of Adonis*.

I'll have my Gardens in the faſhion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye
With all the angles of a *Chriſtmas*-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praiſe,
What's high to ſink? and what is low to raiſe?
Slopes ſhall aſcend where once a green-houſe ſtood,
And in my horſe-pond I will plant a wood.
Let miſer's dread the hoarded gold to waſte,
Expence and alteration ſhew a *Taſte*.

In

* Bently's Milton Book 9. Ver. 459.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their ſeveral beauties by their *Price.*
Auctions and *Sales* I conſtantly attend,
But chuſe my pictures by a *skilful friend.*
Originals and copies much the ſame,
The picture's value is the *painter's name.*

My taſte in Sculpture from my choice is ſeen,
I buy no ſtatues that are not obſcene.
In ſpite of *Addiſon* and ancient *Rome,*
Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*'s is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with Admiration ſtood,
To view ſome City-magiſtrate in wood?
I gaze with pleaſure on a Lord May'r's head,
Caſt with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through *London* as I paſs,
Some broad Sir *Balaam* in *Corinthian* braſs;
High on a pedeſtal, ye Freemen, place
His magiſterial Paunch and griping Face;

Letter'd and Gilt, let him adorn *Cheapſide*,
And grant the *Tradeſman*, what a *King*'s deny'd.

Old Coins and Medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir *Andrew* has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might ſpeak,
I like the modern, and deſpiſe th' antique.
Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan *Bureau*,
To Lady *Gripeall* I the *Cæſars* ſhew,
'Tis equal to her Ladyſhip or me,
A copper *Otho*, or a *Scotch Baubee*.

Without *Italian*, or without an ear,
To *Bononcini*'s muſick I adhere:
Muſick has charms to ſooth a ſavage beaſt,
And therefore proper at a Sheriff's feaſt.
My ſoul has oft a ſecret pleaſure found,
In the harmonious Bagpipe's lofty ſound.
Bagpipes for men, ſhrill *German-flutes* for boys,
I'm *Engliſh* born, and love a grumbling noiſe.

The Stage ſhould yield the ſolemn Organ's note,
And Scripture tremble in the Eunuch's throat.
Let *Seneſino* ſing what *David* writ,
And *Hallelujahs* charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to *Heſter* came,
And *Oratorio* was a lucky name.
Thou *Heeideggre !* the *Engliſh* taſte has found,
And rul'ſt the mob of quality with ſound.
In *Lent*, if Maſquerades diſpleaſe the town,
Call 'em *Ridotto's*, and they ſtill go down ;
Go on, Prince *Phyz !* to pleaſe the Britiſh nation,
Call thy next *Maſquerade* a *Convocation*.

Bears, Lyons, Wolves, and Elephants I breed,
And *Philoſophical Tranſactions* read.
Next Lodge I'll be *Free-Maſon*, nothing leſs,
Unleſs I happen to be *F. R. S.*

I have a *Palate*, and (as yet) *two Ears*,
Fit company for *Porters*, or for *Peers*.

Of ev'ry uſeful knowledge I've a ſhare,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sir Loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricaſſeed, and coxcomb-pies.
Diſhes I chuſe though little, yet genteel,
Snails the firſt courſe, and *Peepers* crown the meal.
Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy pleaſe,
I love young colly-flow'rs if ſtew'd in cheeſe,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tatling ſervants to my table come,
My Grace is *Silence*, and my waiter *Dumb*.
Queer Country-puts extol Queen *Beſs*'s reign,
And of loſt hoſpitality complain.
Say thou that do'ſt thy father's table praiſe,
Was there *Mahogena* in former days?

Oh! could a Britiſh Barony be ſold!
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold,
Could I the *privilege* of *Peer* procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppreſs the poor.

To give is wrong, but it is wronger ſtill,
On any terms to *pay* a tradeſman's bill.
I'd make the inſolent Mechanicks ſtay,
And keep my ready money all for *play*.
I'd try if any pleaſure could be found,
In *toſſing-up* for twenty thouſand pound.
Had I whole Counties, I to *White*'s would go,
And ſet lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But ſhould I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be glorioufly undone;
My *debts of honour* I'd diſcharge the firſt,
Let all my *lawful creditors* be curſt:
My *Title* would preſerve me from arreſt,
And ſeiſing *hired horſes* is a jeſt.
I'd walk the mornings with an *oaken ſtick*,
With gloves and hat, like my own *footman*, *Dick*.
A footman I would be, in outward ſhow,
In ſenſe, and education, *truly ſo*.
As for my *head*, it ſhould ambiguous wear
At once a periwig, *and* its own hair.

To

My

My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And *dreſs*, and *talk of dreſſing*, more than they.
I'll pleaſe the maids of honour, if I can;
Without black-velvet-britches, what is man?
I will my skill in *button-holes* diſplay,
And brag how oft I ſhift me ev'ry day.
Shall I wear cloaths, in *aukward England* made?
And ſweat in cloth, to help the *woollen trade?*
In *French* embroid'ry and in *Flanders* lace
I'll ſpend the income of a treaſurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles ſhall to thouſands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the *Di'mond Count*.
I would convince the world by taudry cloa's,
That *Belles* are leſs effeminate than beaux,
And Doctor *Lamb* ſhould pare my Lordſhip's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and paraſites I'd live.
I would with *Jockeys* from *Newmarket* dine,
And to *Rough-riders* give my choiceſt wine.

I would careſs ſome *Stableman* of note,
And imitate his language, and his *coat*.
My ev'nings all I would with *ſharpers* ſpend,
And make the *Thief-catcher* my boſom friend.
In *Fig* the Prize-fighter by day delight,
And ſup with *Colly Cibber* ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be faſhionably ill,
I'd ſend for *Miſaubin*, and take his pill.
I ſhould abhor, though in the utmoſt need,
Arbuthnot, *Hollins*, *Wigan*, *Lee*, or *Mead*:
But if I found that I grew worſe and worſe,
I'd turn off *Miſaubin* and take a Nurſe.
How oft, when eminent phyſicians fail,
Do good old womens remedies prevail?
When beauty's gone, and *Chloe*'s ſtruck with years,
Eyes ſhe can couch, or ſhe can ſyringe ears.
Of Graduates I diſlike the learned rout,
And chuſe a *female Doctor* for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull *pedants* curs'd,
Sure, of all blockheads, *Scholars* are the worſt.
Back to your *Univerſities*, ye fools,
And dangle Arguments on ſtrings in ſchools:
Thoſe ſchools which *Univerſities* they call,
'Twere well for *England* were there none at all.
With eaſe that loſs the nation might ſuſtain,
Supply'd by *Goodman's Fields* and *Drury-lane*.
Oxford and *Cambridge* are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to *Haymarket*, and *Covent-garden*:
Quit thoſe, ye Britiſh Youth, and follow theſe,
Turn players all, and take your 'Squires degrees.
Boaſt not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd Seats! the Theatres have more:
Ye ſtiff-rump'd heads of Colleges be dumb,
A ſinging Eunuch gets a larger Sum.
Have ſome of you three hundred by the Year,
Booth, *Rich*, and *Cibber*, twice three thouſand clear.

Should

Should *Oxford* to her ſiſter *Cambridge* join,
A Year's *Rack-rent*, and *Arbitrary fine*:
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For Playhouſe, Opera, Ball, and Maſquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging Age,
The players are the world, the world the ſtage.

I am a Politician too, and hate
Of any party, miniſters of ſtate:
I'm for an *Act*, that he, who ſev'n whole Years
Has ſerv'd his *King* and *Country*, loſe his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,
To give the laws of *Taſte* to humane kind.
Mine are the gallant Schemes of Politeſſe,
For books, and buildings, politicks, and dreſs.
This is *True Taſte*, and whoſo likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and ſot.

F I N I S.

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